



ISSUE

#6

\$3.99

ALIENS™

DEFIANCE

BRIAN WOOD
TRISTAN JONES
DAN JACKSON

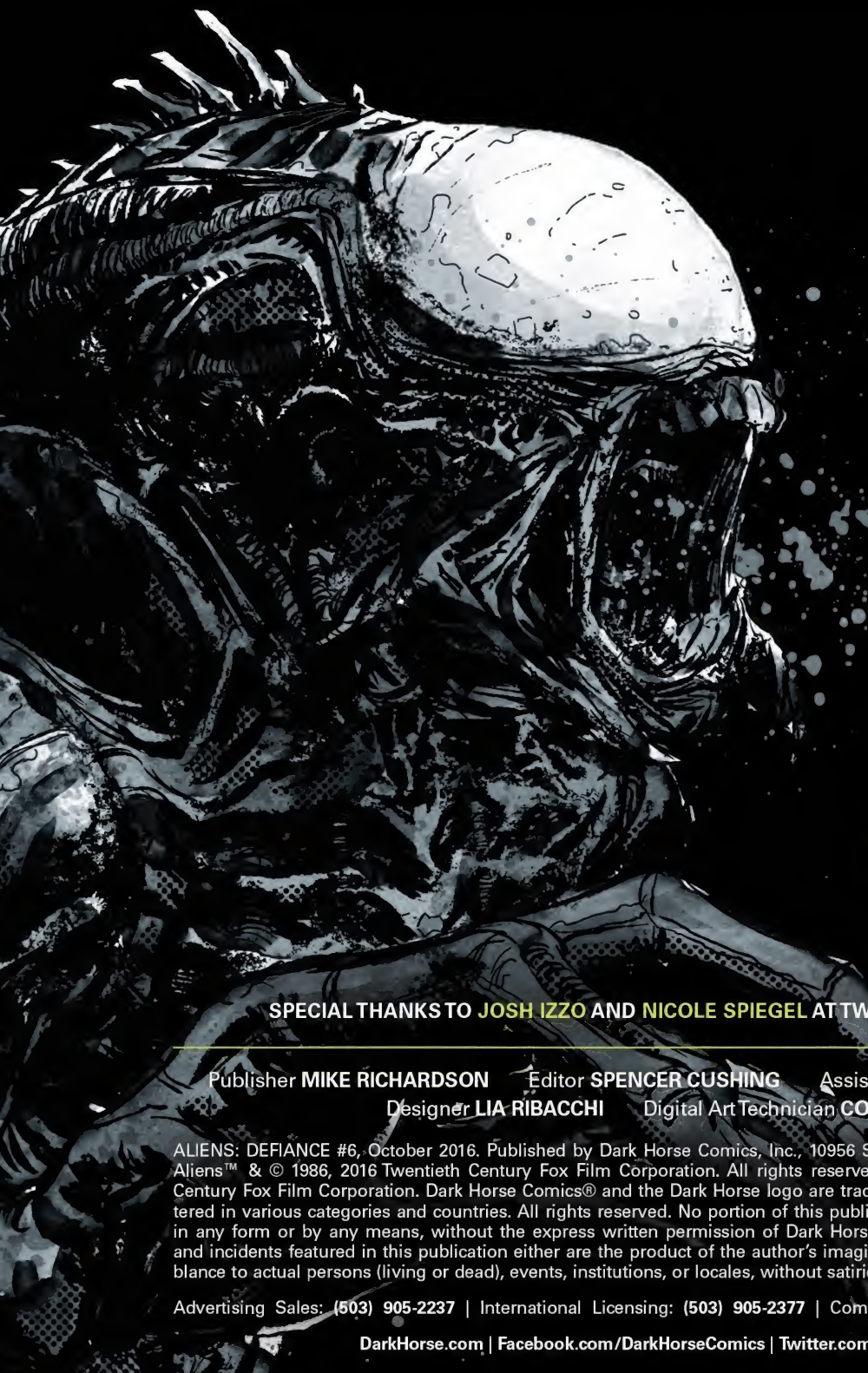


ALIENS™

DEFIANCE

ISSUE #6

WHILE LOOKING FOR SURVIVORS in an Alien-infested fueling depot, **ZULA HENDRICKS** and Davis discover a lone medical officer, Dr. Hollis, hiding in the bowels of the station. Her research skills and firsthand knowledge of the xenomorph scourge are invaluable to the mission, but the arrival of a heavily armed squad of Colonial Marines threatens to cut things short.



SCRIPT
BRIAN WOOD

ART
TRISTAN JONES

COLORS
DAN JACKSON

LETTERING
**NATE PIEKOS
OF BLAMBOT®**

COVER
**MASSIMO
CARNEVALE**

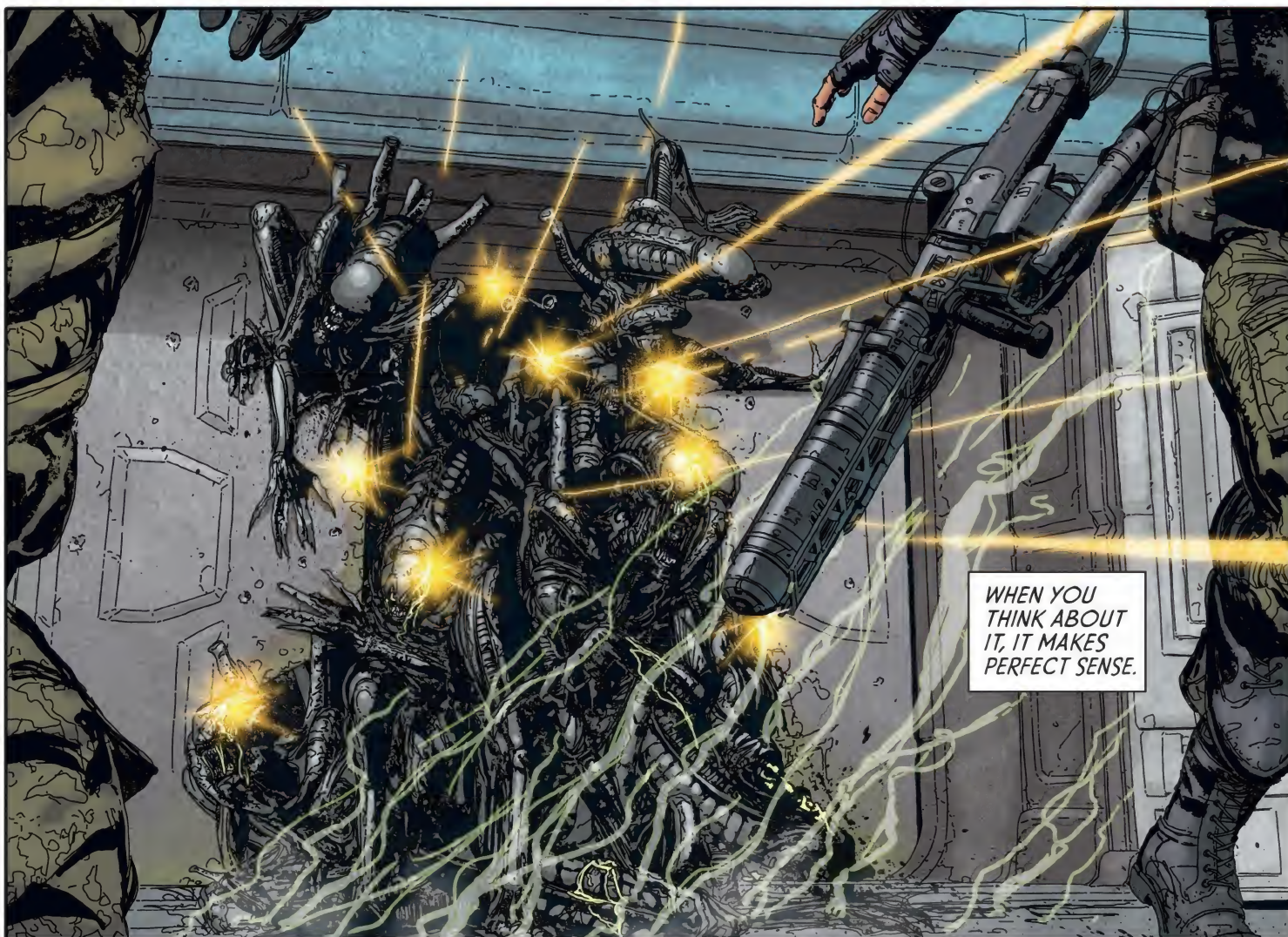
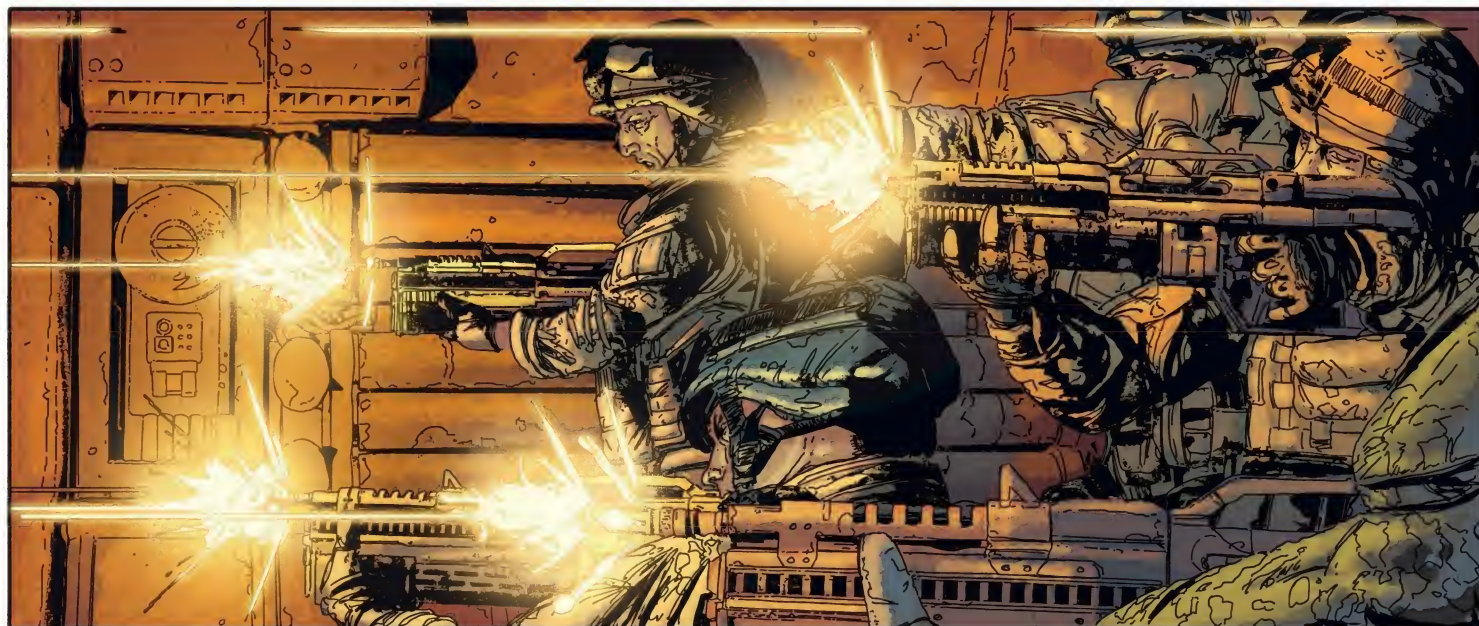
SPECIAL THANKS TO **JOSH IZZO** AND **NICOLE SPIEGEL** AT TWENTIETH CENTURY FOX.

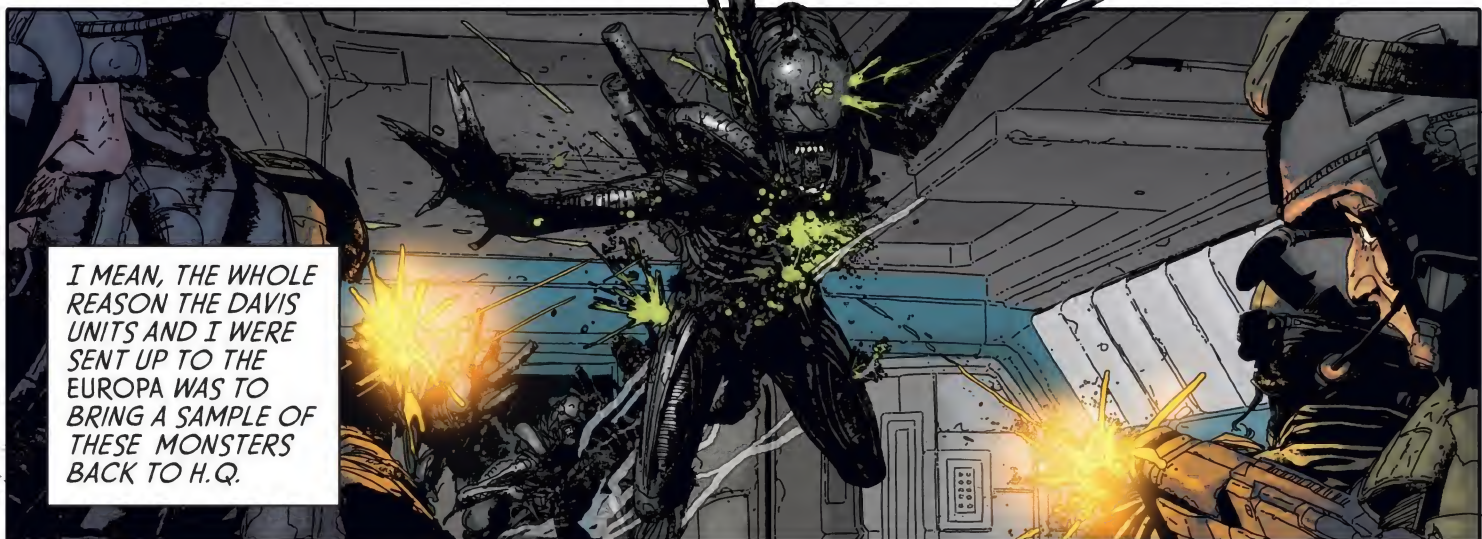
Publisher **MIKE RICHARDSON** Editor **SPENCER CUSHING** Assistant Editor **KEVIN BURKHALTER**
Designer **LIA RIBACCHI** Digital Art Technician **CONLEY SMITH**

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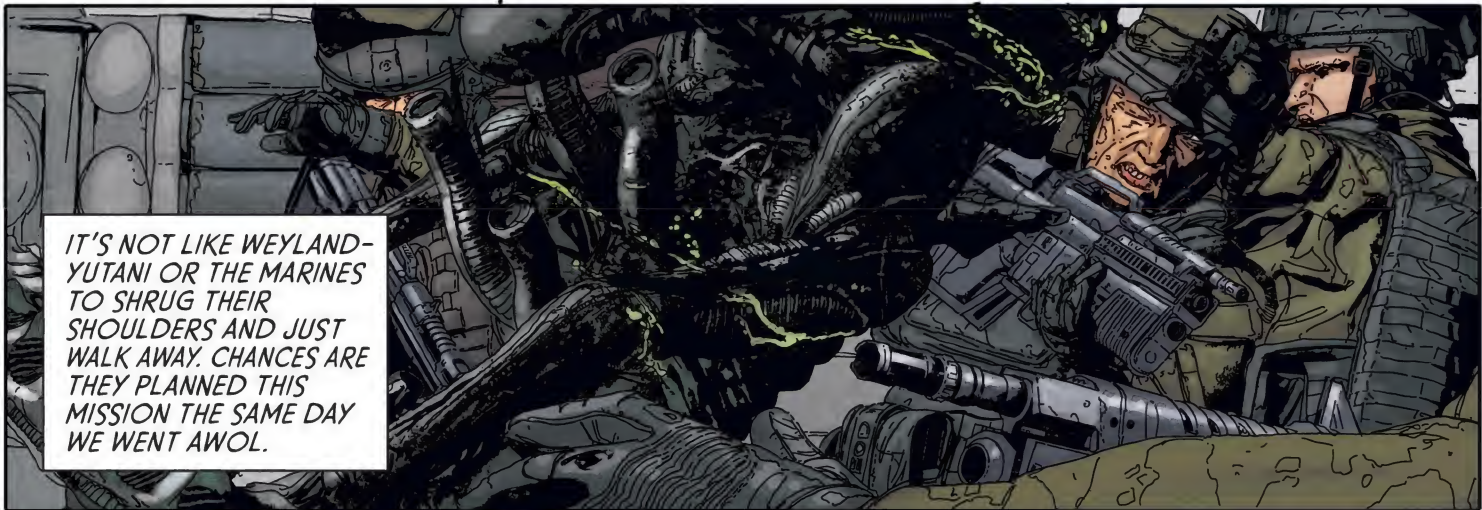
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I MEAN, THE WHOLE REASON THE DAVIS UNITS AND I WERE SENT UP TO THE EUROPA WAS TO BRING A SAMPLE OF THESE MONSTERS BACK TO H.Q.



IT'S NOT LIKE WEYLAND-YUTANI OR THE MARINES TO SHRUG THEIR SHOULDERS AND JUST WALK AWAY. CHANCES ARE THEY PLANNED THIS MISSION THE SAME DAY WE WENT AWOL.



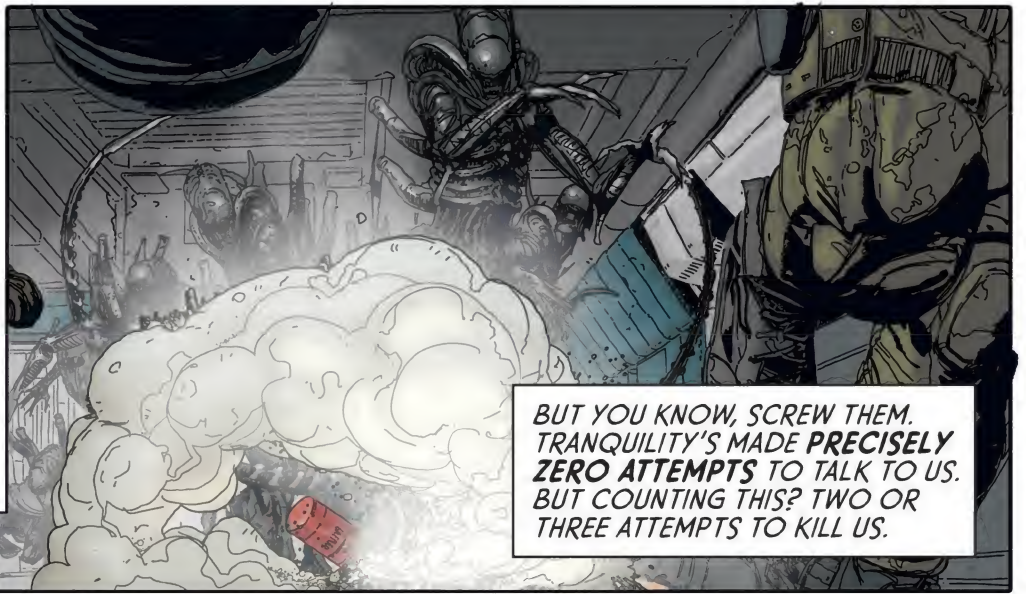
THEY JUST NEEDED TO KNOW WHERE TO SEND THE DROPSHIP.



CUE DR. YANG.



NICE ONE, ZULA.



BUT YOU KNOW, SCREW THEM.
TRANQUILITY'S MADE **PRECISELY**
ZERO ATTEMPTS TO TALK TO US.
BUT COUNTING THIS? TWO OR
THREE ATTEMPTS TO KILL US.



WHICH IS A STARK ILLUSTRATION
OF JUST HOW MUCH THEY FAVOR
GETTING A HUNK OF THIS ALIEN
D.N.A. OVER EVERYTHING ELSE.



CAN YOU THINK
OF A WORSE
PLACE TO BE?



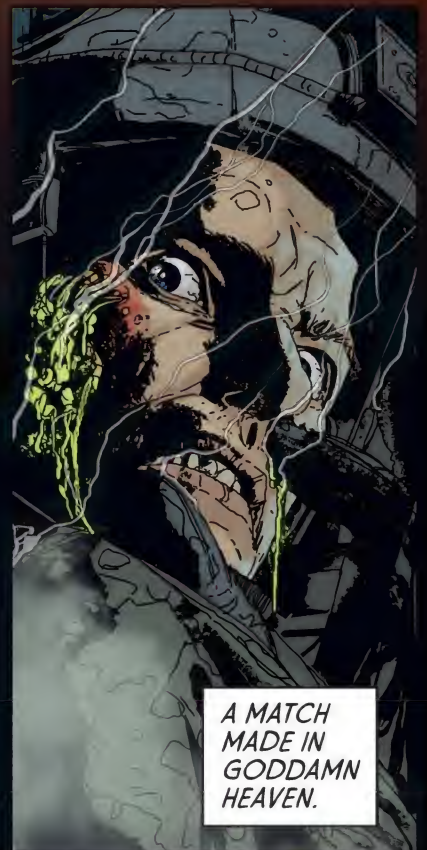
CAUGHT
BETWEEN TWO
UNRELENTING
FORCES. THIS
ALIEN SPECIES...




...AND THE MOST POWERFUL
MANIFESTATION OF THE
MILITARY-INDUSTRIAL COMPLEX
HUMANKIND HAS EVER SEEN.



PRIMAL FORCES,
EACH WITH AN
ALL-OR-NOTHING
MANDATE.



A MATCH
MADE IN
GODDAMN
HEAVEN.

A detailed comic book illustration of a Xenomorph, a large, dark, and highly detailed alien creature with a long, segmented tail and a head with a large, open mouth showing sharp teeth. It is positioned in the center of the frame, appearing to be inside or attached to a military vehicle. The vehicle's interior is visible, with various panels, buttons, and a blue screen on the left showing a stylized 'S' logo and the text 'VICE' and 'VER, WHEREVER'. The background is a dark, industrial setting with a large, glowing orange light source on the right, creating a dramatic, high-contrast scene. The overall style is reminiscent of classic comic book art, with bold lines and a rich color palette.

DARK HORSE COMICS AND 20th CENTURY FOX PRESENT

SCRIPT BRIAN WOOD

ART TRISTAN JONES

COLORS DAN JACKSON

LETTERING NATE PIEKOS OF BLAMBOT®

A L I E N S
DEFIANCE

EPISODE SIX INCUBATION



DO
YOU HEAR
THAT?

HEAR
WHAT?



EXPLOSIONS.
AND NOT THAT
FAR AWAY,
EITHER.

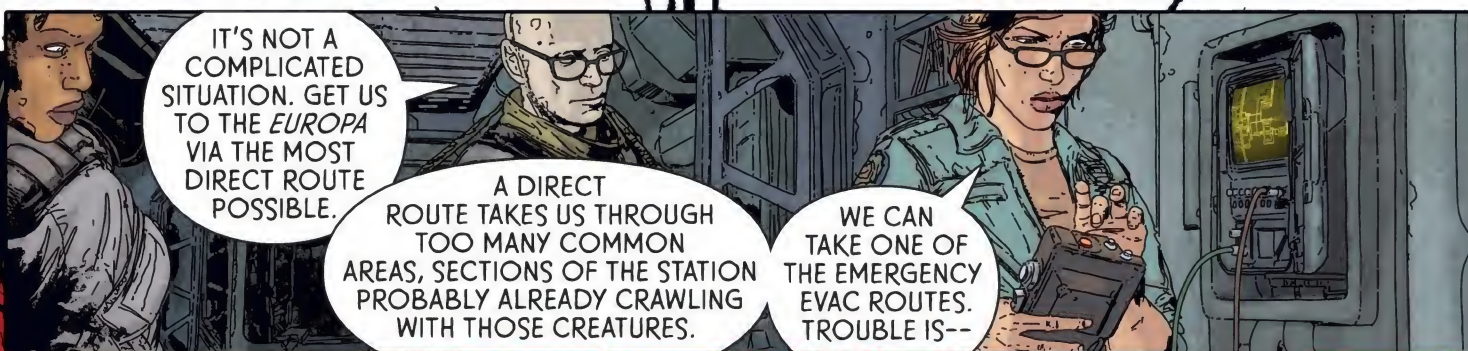
250
METERS. NO, 275
METERS.



THAT'S
PRECISE.

THE ALIENS
CAN MOVE
FASTER THAN
WE CAN,
HOLLIS.

WORKING
ON THAT.



IT'S NOT A
COMPLICATED
SITUATION. GET US
TO THE *EUROPA*
VIA THE MOST
DIRECT ROUTE
POSSIBLE.

A DIRECT
ROUTE TAKES US
THROUGH
TOO MANY COMMON
AREAS, SECTIONS OF THE STATION
PROBABLY ALREADY CRAWLING
WITH THOSE CREATURES.

WE CAN
TAKE ONE OF
THE EMERGENCY
EVAC ROUTES.
TROUBLE IS--

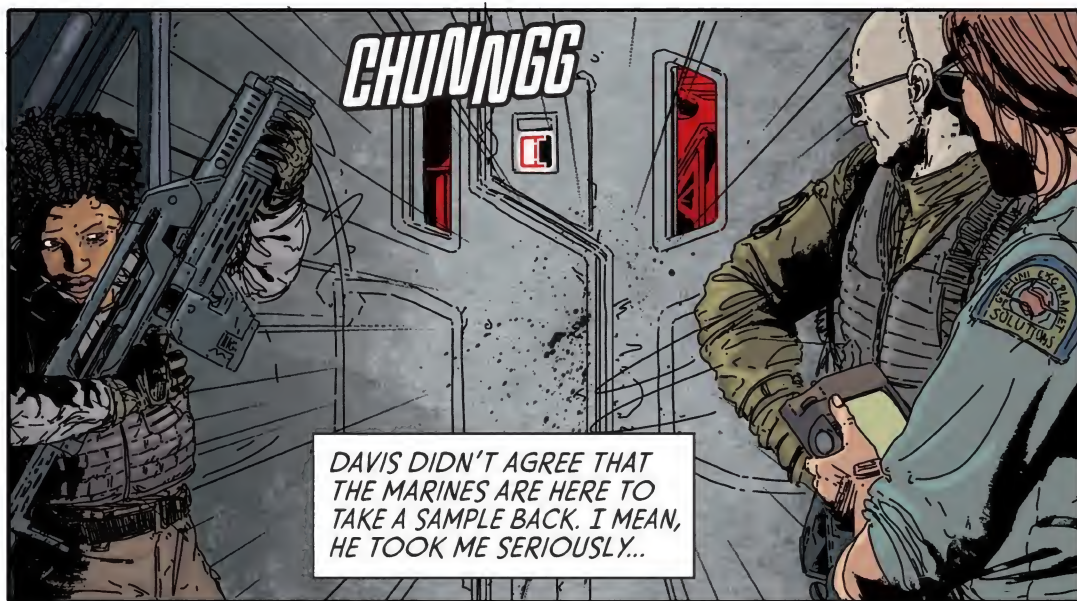
CHUNNING

I THINK I
JUST TRIGGERED A
CONTAINMENT EVENT
PROTOCOL.



HOW FAST
CAN YOU
RUN?

...WHAT?
WHY?



CHUNN66

DAVIS DIDN'T AGREE THAT
THE MARINES ARE HERE TO
TAKE A SAMPLE BACK. I MEAN,
HE TOOK ME SERIOUSLY...



...BUT HE'S SEEN
MORE OF WHAT
THESE ALIENS CAN
DO THAN I HAVE.

...REVERSE
IT.

THERE'S A
PROTOCOL FOR
THAT, AND WE DON'T
WANT TO BE STANDING
AROUND WHILE I
FIGURE IT
OUT!



HE DOESN'T THINK
IT'S POSSIBLE TO
CAPTURE ONE.



ZULA?

SO WE GET
TO THE EUROPA,
DISABLE THE
MARINES' SHIP,
LEAVE THEM TO
THEIR FATE.

I MEAN,
REALLY
GRIM,
BUT EASY.

COMING!





WHAT'S THAT?

THE TRUTH? A SUICIDE COCKTAIL. IF I WERE TO GIVE YOU THE FULL DOSE, YOU'D BE DEAD IN SECONDS.

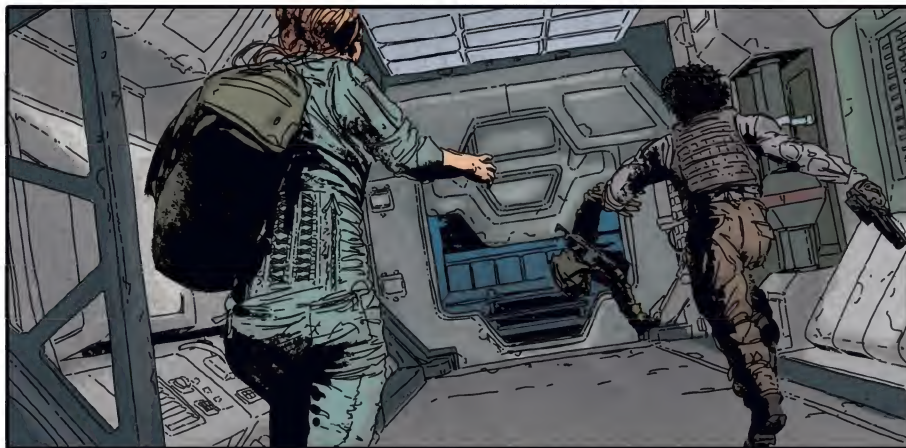


I'VE BEEN CARRYING IT AROUND AS A LAST-RESORT OPTION IF THOSE CREATURES EVER FOUND ME.

BUT A TWO-THIRDS DOSE, IT'S AN INCREDIBLY EFFECTIVE PAIN BLOCKER.



HENDRICKS! HOLLIS!

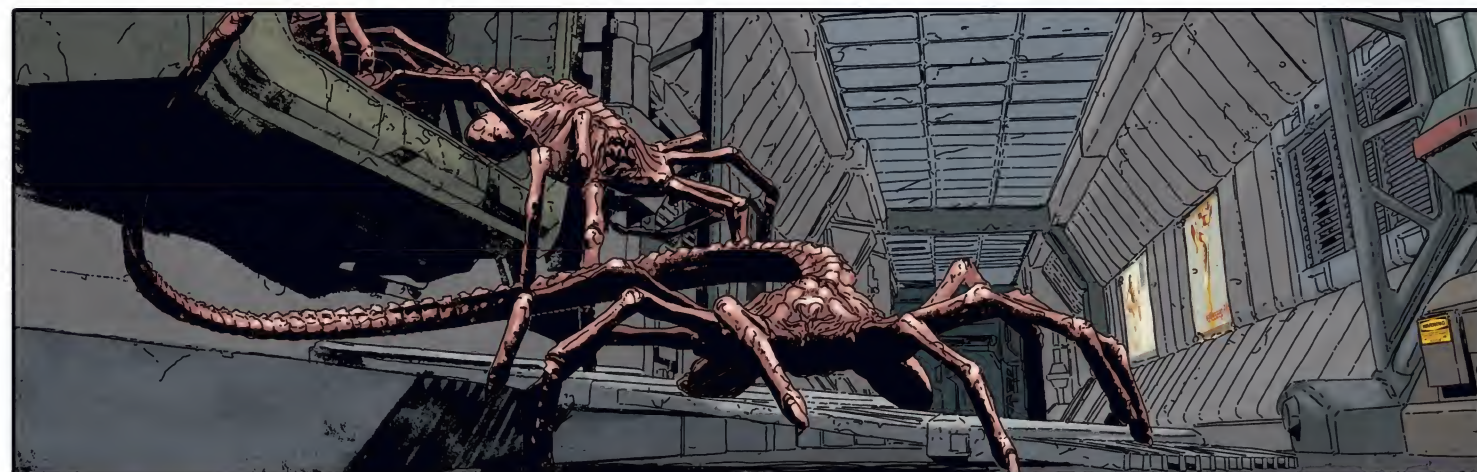
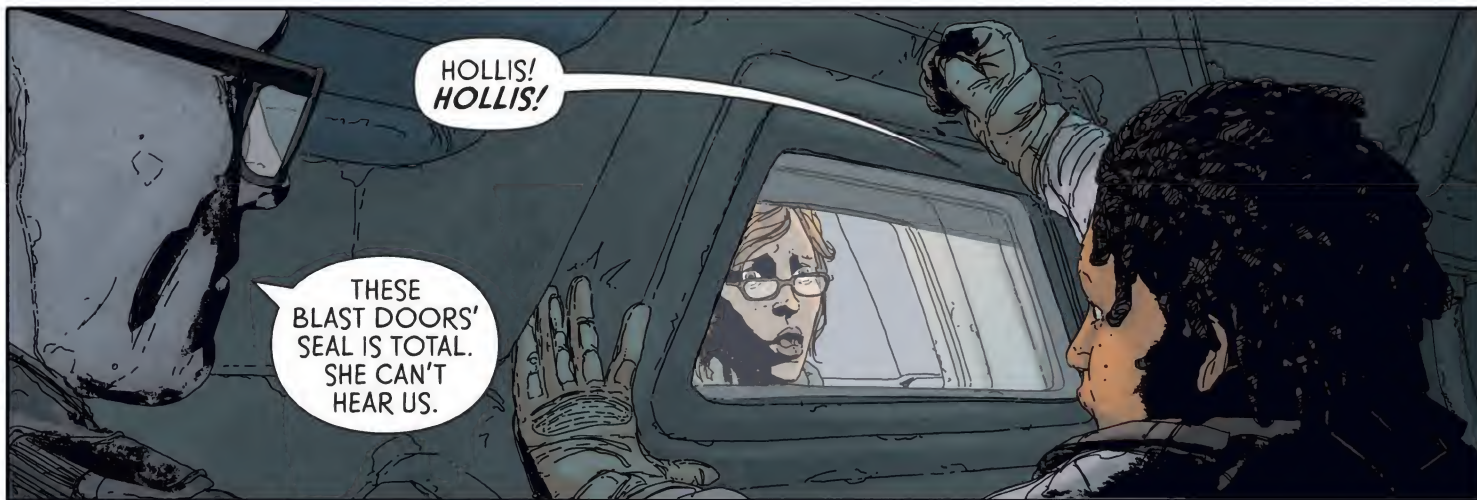


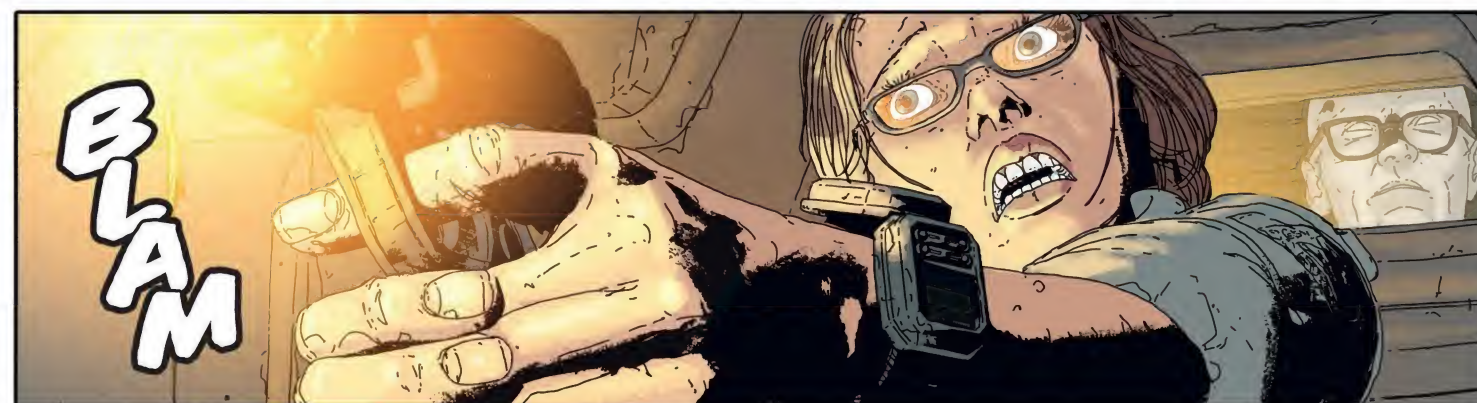
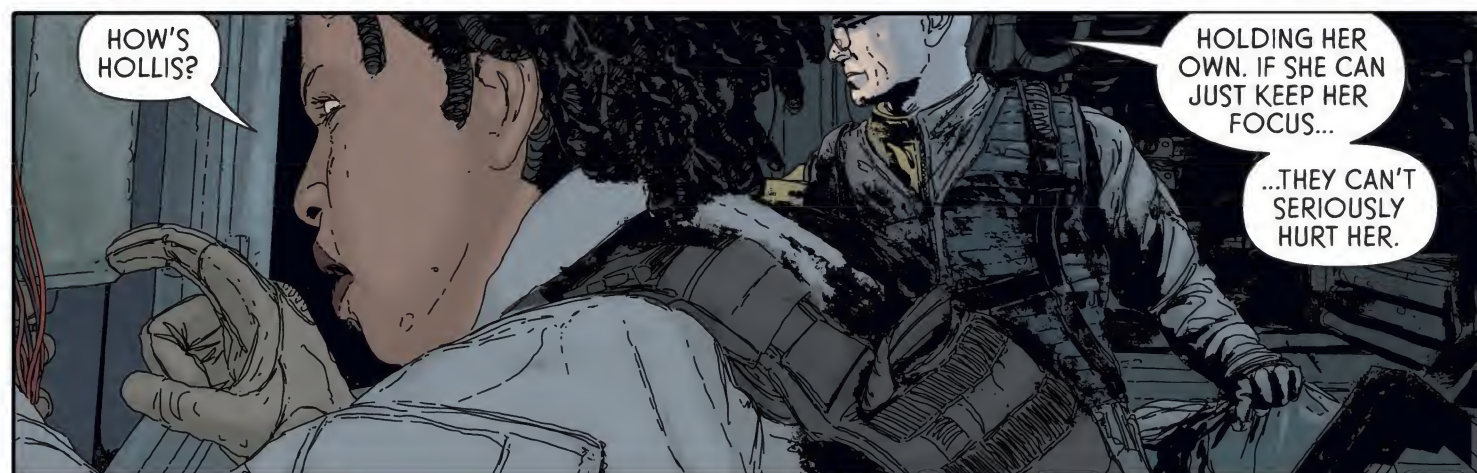
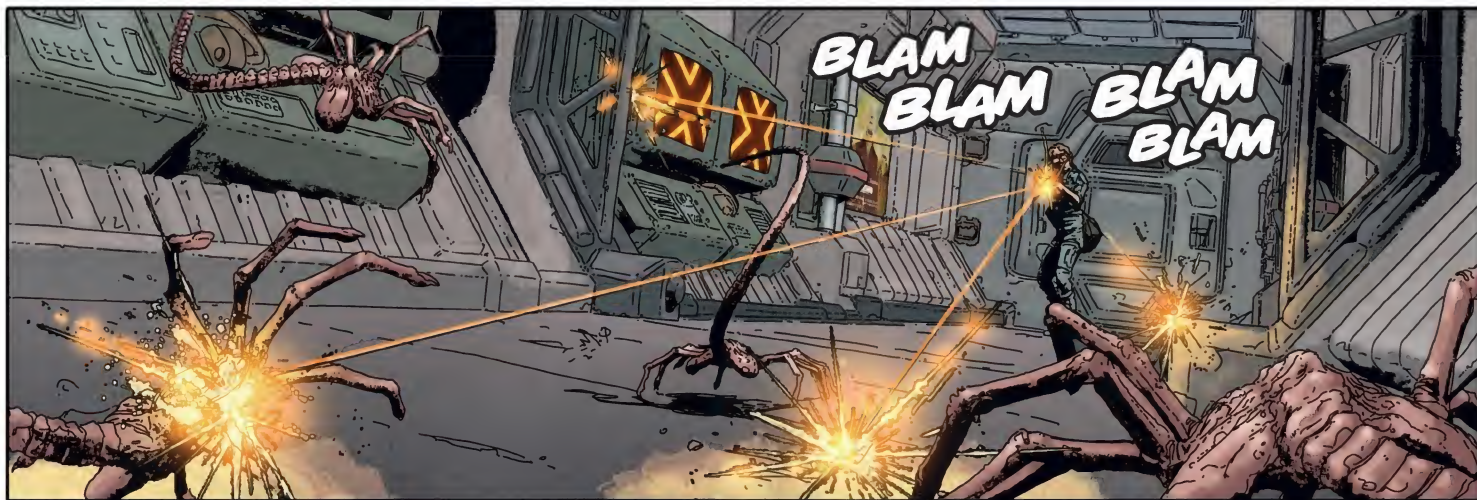
WHOA.

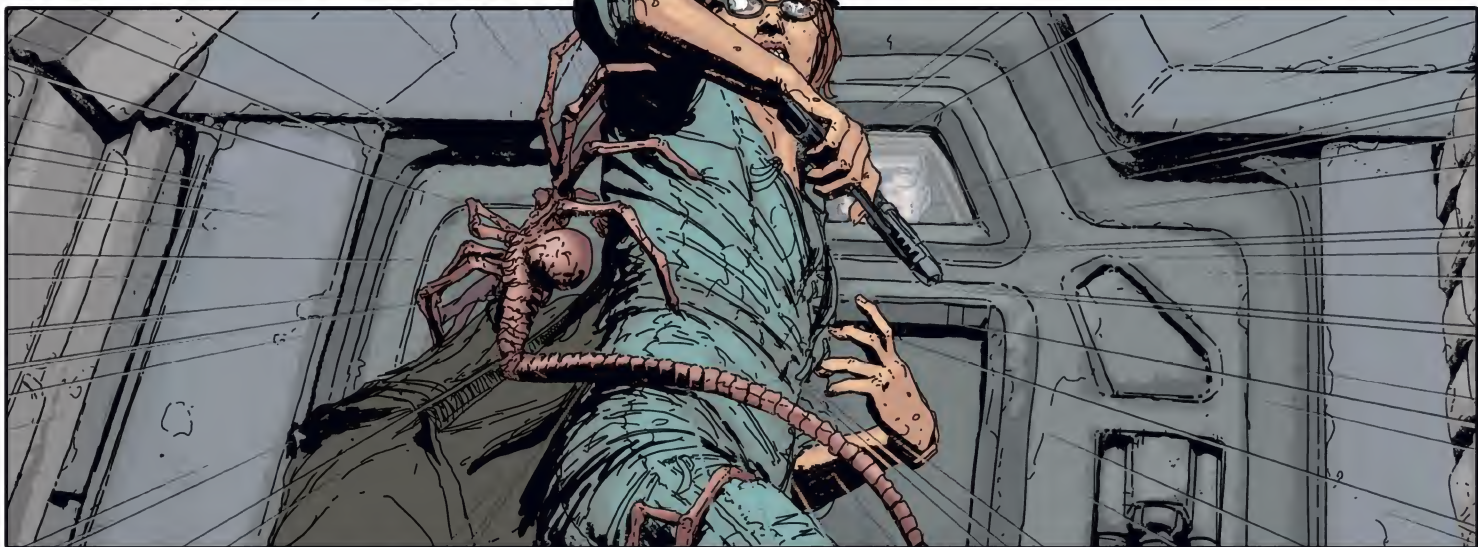
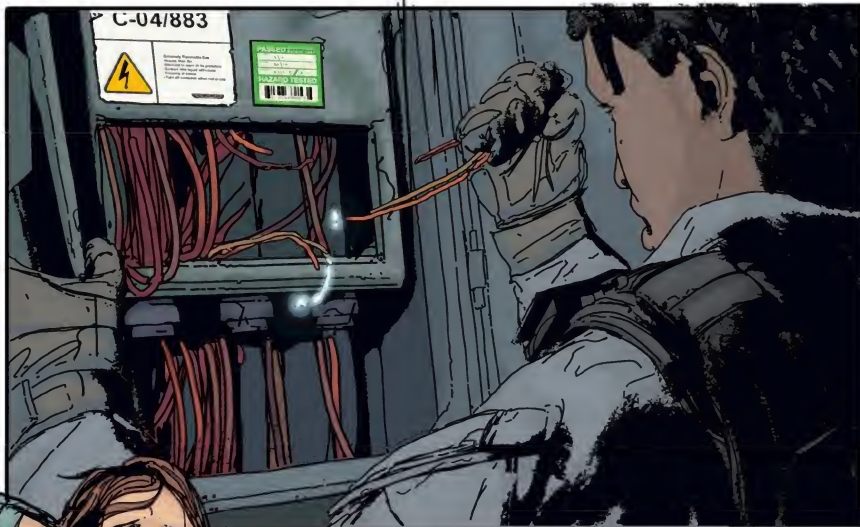
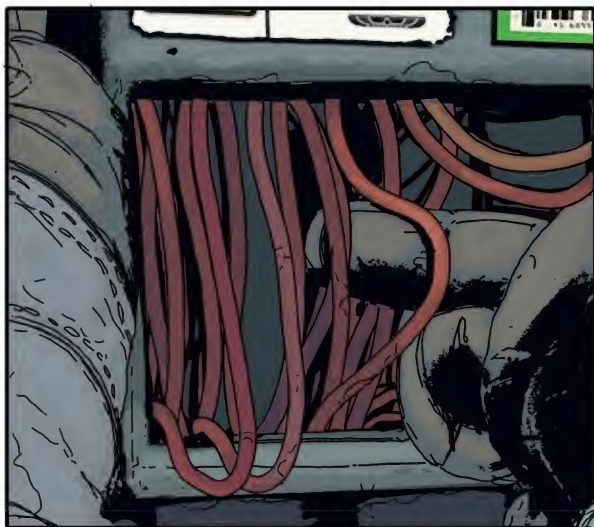


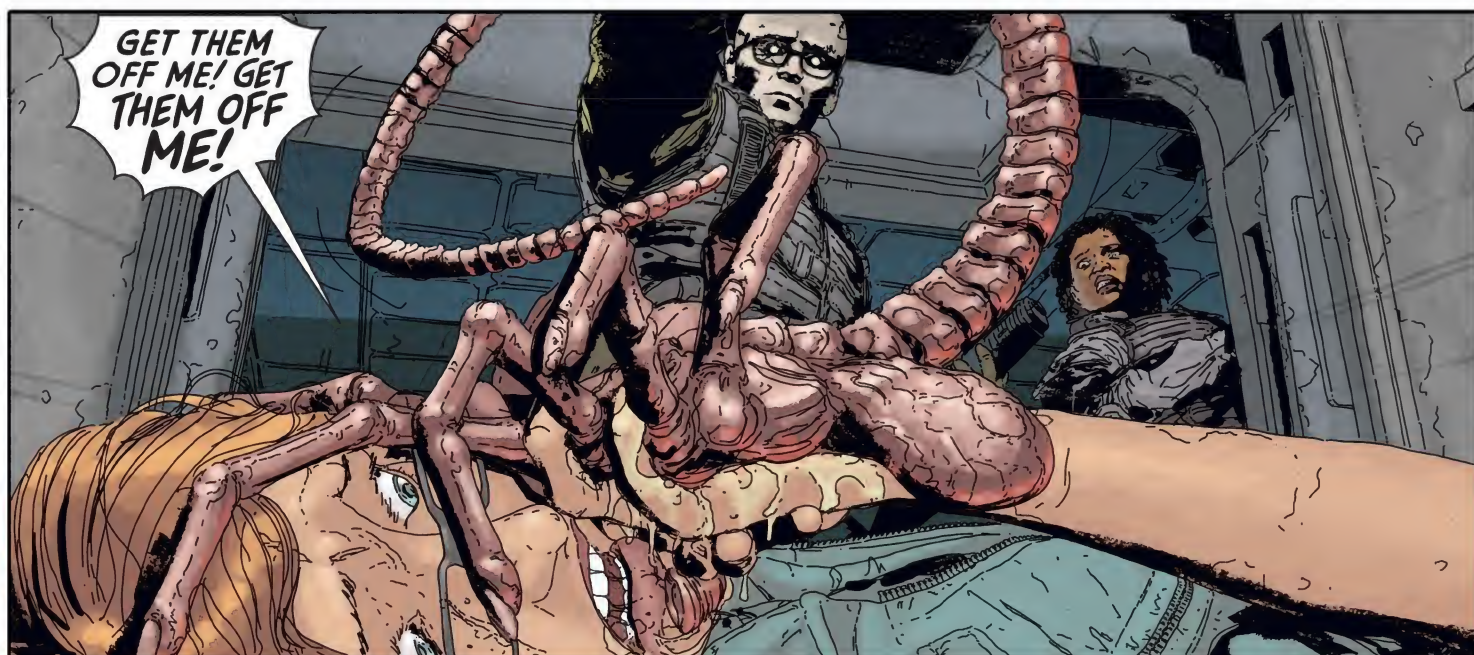
I'M LOSING IT!









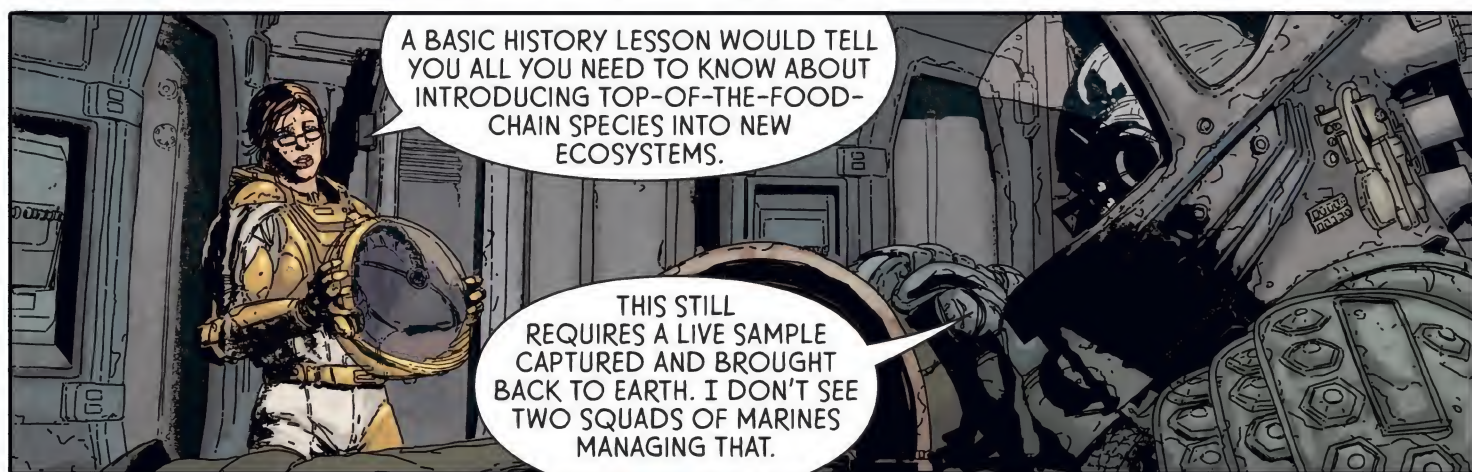




SO WEYLAND-YUTANI IS LOOKING TO **WEAPONIZE** THESE CREATURES?

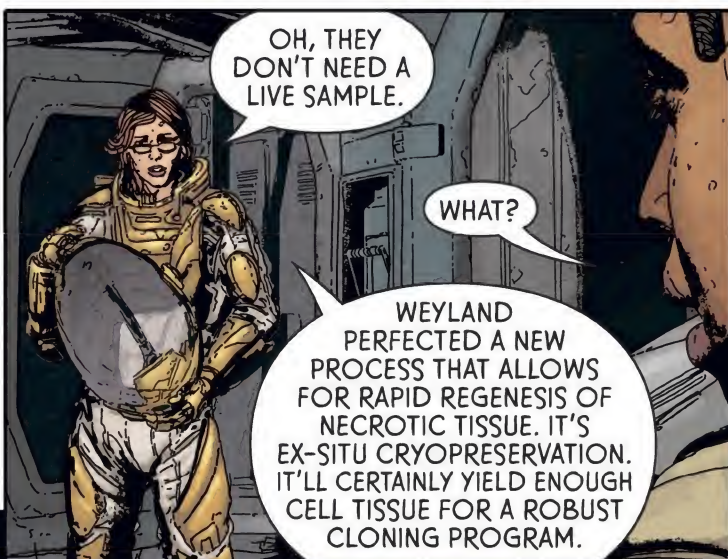
ITS RESEARCH DIVISION HAS BEEN EXPLOITING EXTRATERRESTRIAL BIOMES FOR DECADES. BUT THIS DISCOVERY WOULD KICK-START AN ENTIRE NEW ERA OF MILITARY INDUSTRIALIZATION.

ASSUMING NONE OF THE SPECIMENS GOT FREE. IN WHICH CASE EARTH WOULD BE ON THE RECEIVING END OF THIS WEAPONIZATION.



A BASIC HISTORY LESSON WOULD TELL YOU ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW ABOUT INTRODUCING TOP-OF-THE-FOOD-CHAIN SPECIES INTO NEW ECOSYSTEMS.

THIS STILL REQUIRES A LIVE SAMPLE CAPTURED AND BROUGHT BACK TO EARTH. I DON'T SEE TWO SQUADS OF MARINES MANAGING THAT.



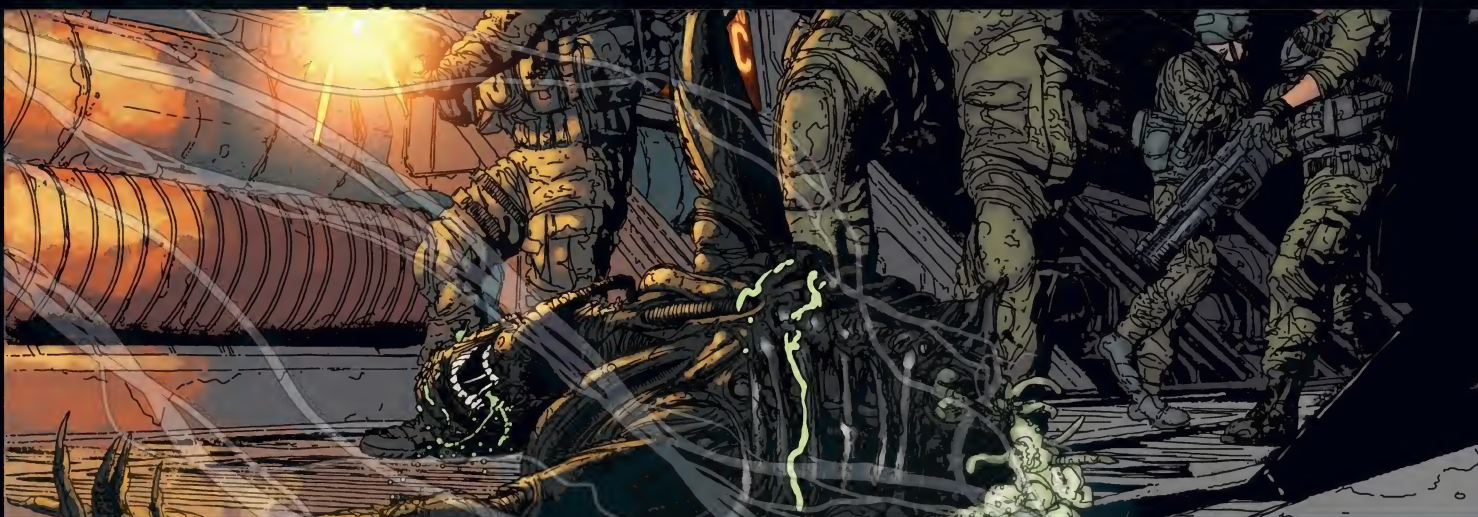
OH, THEY DON'T NEED A LIVE SAMPLE.

WHAT?

WEYLAND PERFECTED A NEW PROCESS THAT ALLOWS FOR RAPID REGENESIS OF NECROTIC TISSUE. IT'S EX-SITU CRYOPRESERVATION. IT'LL CERTAINLY YIELD ENOUGH CELL TISSUE FOR A ROBUST CLONING PROGRAM.

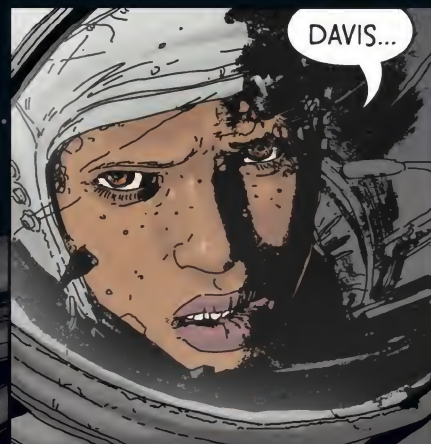


SO IF THEY BRING BACK EVEN A **PIECE** OF ONE OF THESE MONSTERS, THEY CAN GROW NEW ONES IN A LAB?





"IT'S A
LITTLE MORE
COMPLICATED,
BUT BROADLY
SPEAKING,
YES."



DAVIS...



...I'M
HERE. GET ME
INSIDE.



PIPE TWO IS
LOADED.

I'M
LOCKED OUT.
GIVE ME A
COUNT.

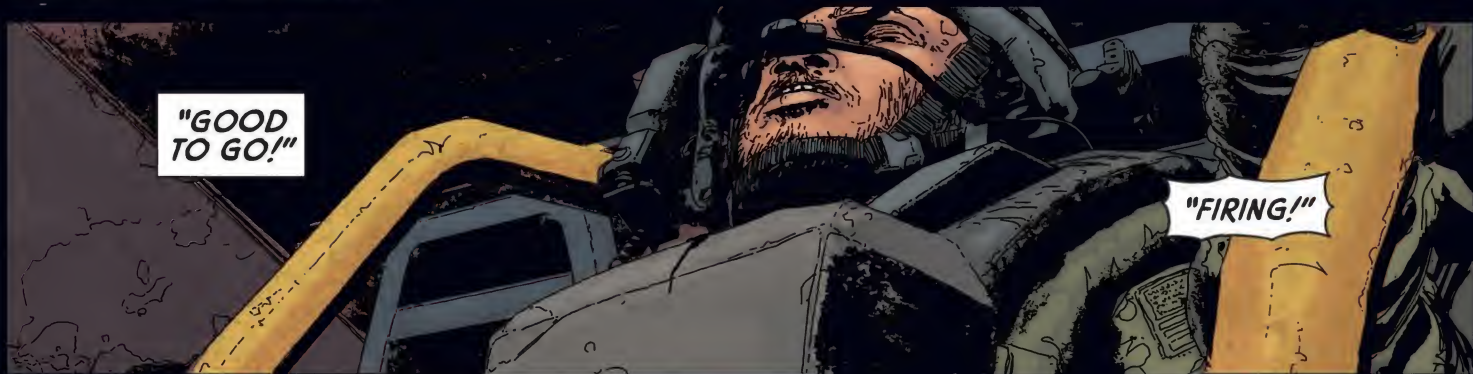
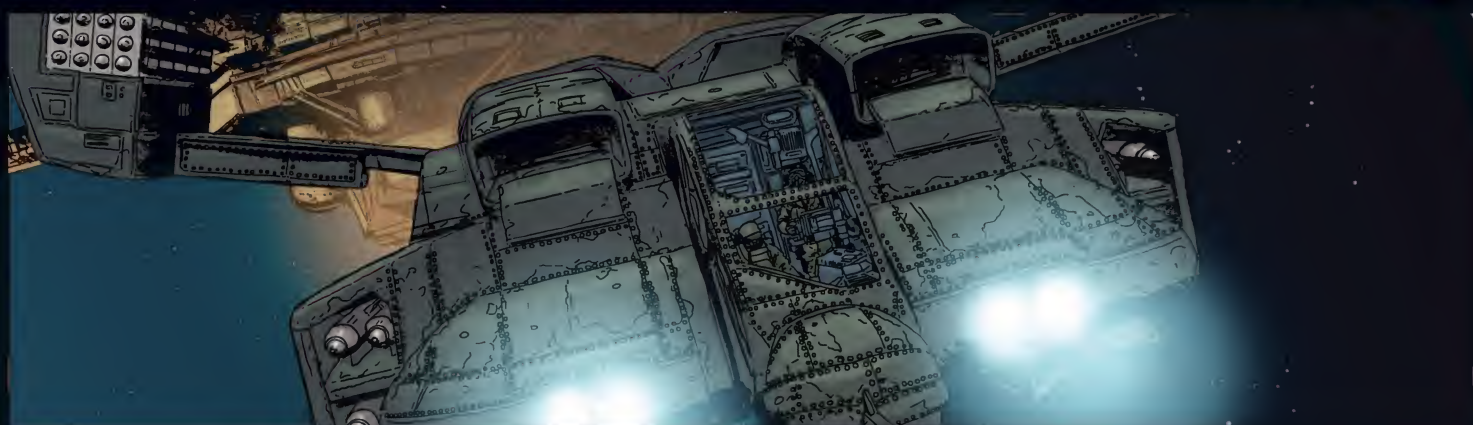
SOMEWHERE, UNDER
ALL THE ADRENALINE,
PAIN BLOCKERS, AND
FEAR, IS THIS TWINGE.
I'M LOSING A VITAL
PART OF MY SOUL HERE,
FIRING ON MY OWN.

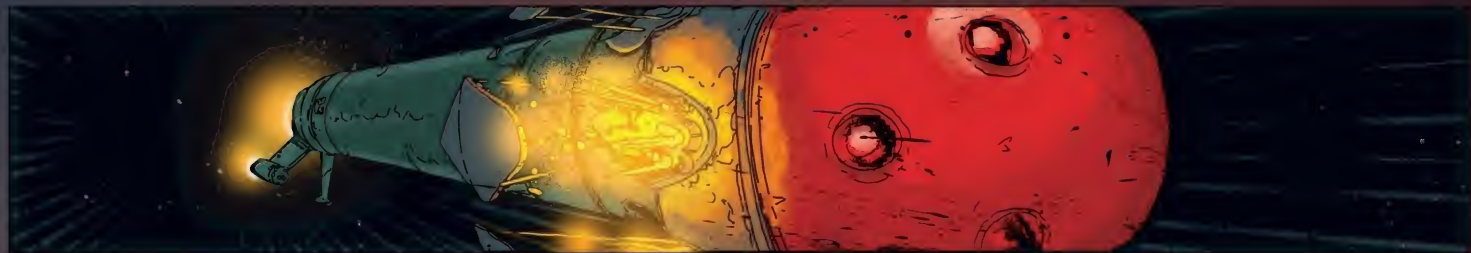
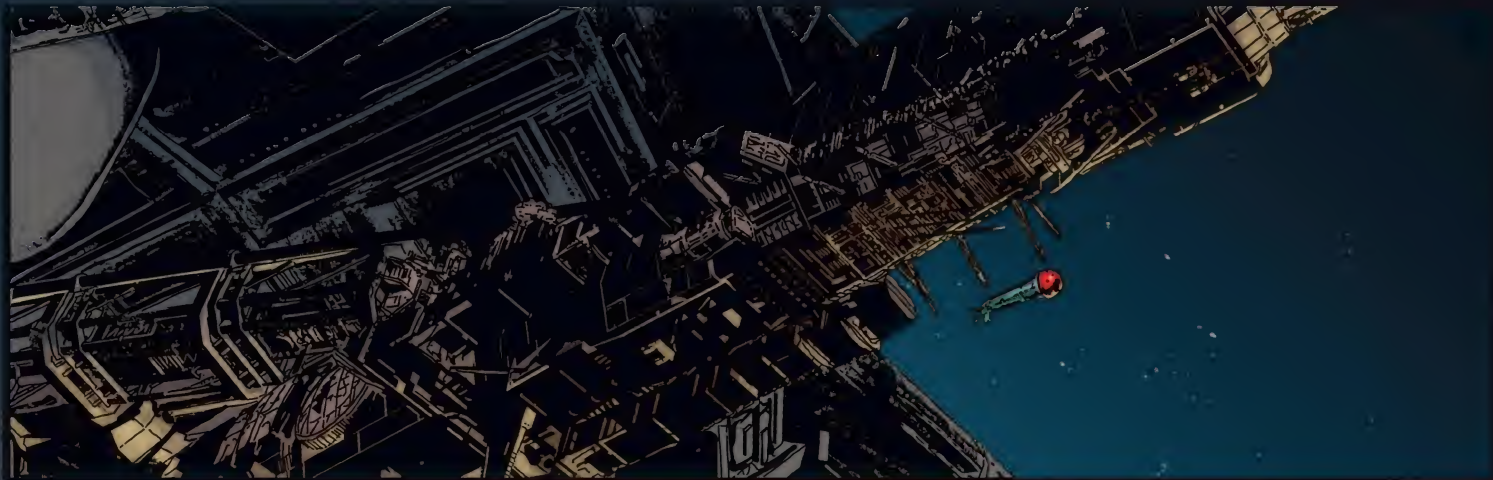


"EIGHTEEN
SECONDS.
SEVENTEEN."



BUT THAT
DROPSHIP IS
NOT GOING
TO GET AWAY.





HOLLIS'S ORIGINAL PLAN WAS SIMPLY TO EXPOSE THE INFECTED AREAS OF THE STATION TO VACUUM.

BUT ONCE WE WERE ABLE TO CONFIRM BEYOND DOUBT THAT THERE WERE NO SURVIVORS ANYWHERE ABOARD THE WRIGHT-ABERRA FUEL DEPOT, SHE GOT CREATIVE.

RUNNING THE OXYGEN GENERATORS AT OVERLOAD CAPACITY FOR AN HOUR AND IGNITING THE MILLION-PLUS TONS OF FUEL ON HAND, WE ESSENTIALLY TURNED THE STATION INTO A MASSIVE THERMOBARIC EVENT.

AN OLD-FASHIONED FUEL-AIR BOMB.

ARE YOU OKAY?

NOT REALLY.

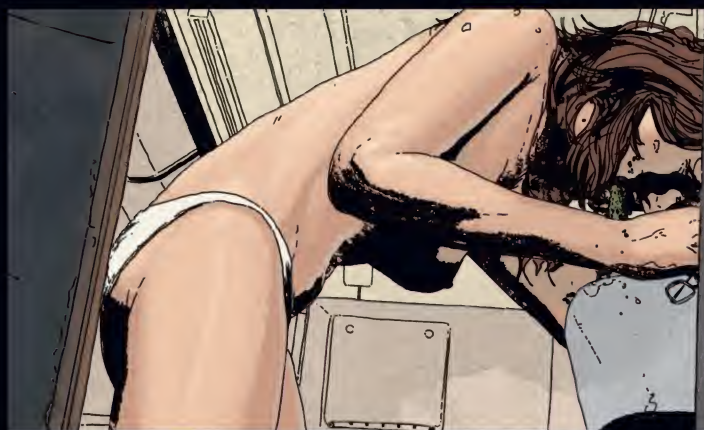
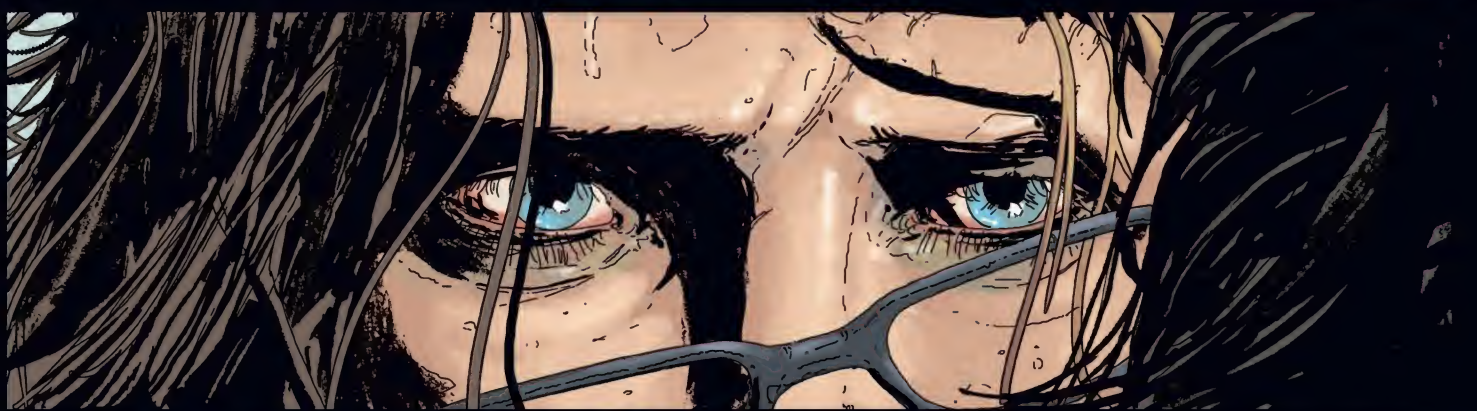
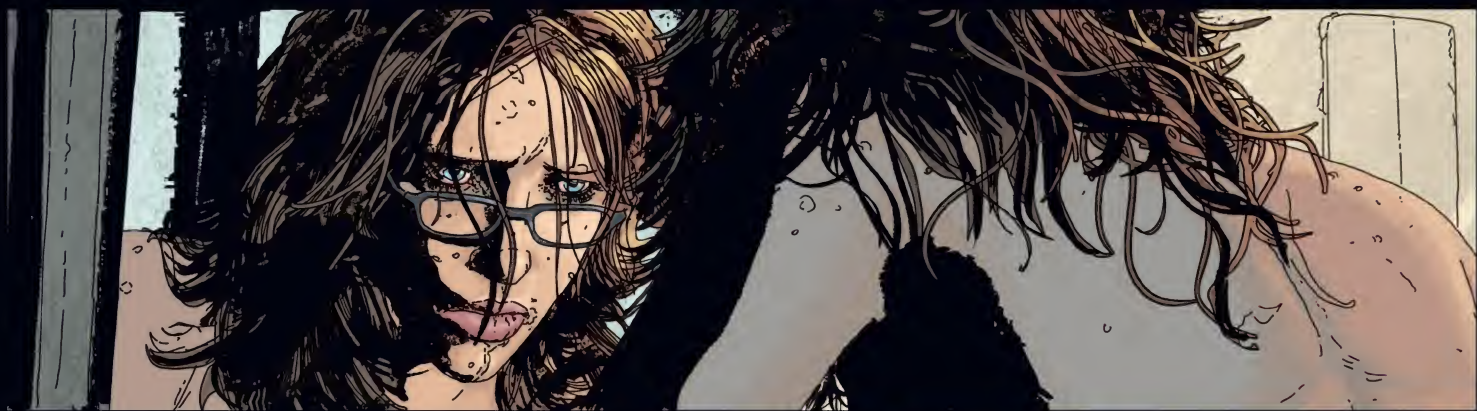
I DEACTIVATED THE SUBROUTINES I'VE BEEN WORKING ON. MY EMOTIONAL SPECTRUM PROGRAMMING.

FOR GOOD?

FOR NOW. IT WAS OVERWHELMING.


DO ME A FAVOR?

TURN IT BACK ON.




"IF YOU WANT
TO FEEL LIKE WE
DO, DAVIS..."


"...YOU CAN'T PICK AND
CHOOSE YOUR MOMENTS.
THE BAD'S GOTTA COME
WITH THE GOOD."




PRETTY SURE I RECYCLED THAT LINE FROM SOMETHING DR. YANG SAID. IT SOUNDED LIKE CRAP TO ME AT THE TIME, WHICH WAS IN THE MIDDLE OF A REALLY PAINFUL ROUND OF SPINAL THERAPY.



ASSUMING DR. YANG'S RIGHT, MY MOBILITY WILL JUST KEEP DEGRADING WITHOUT THERAPY.



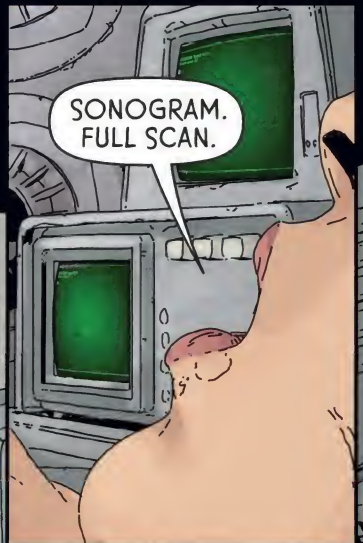
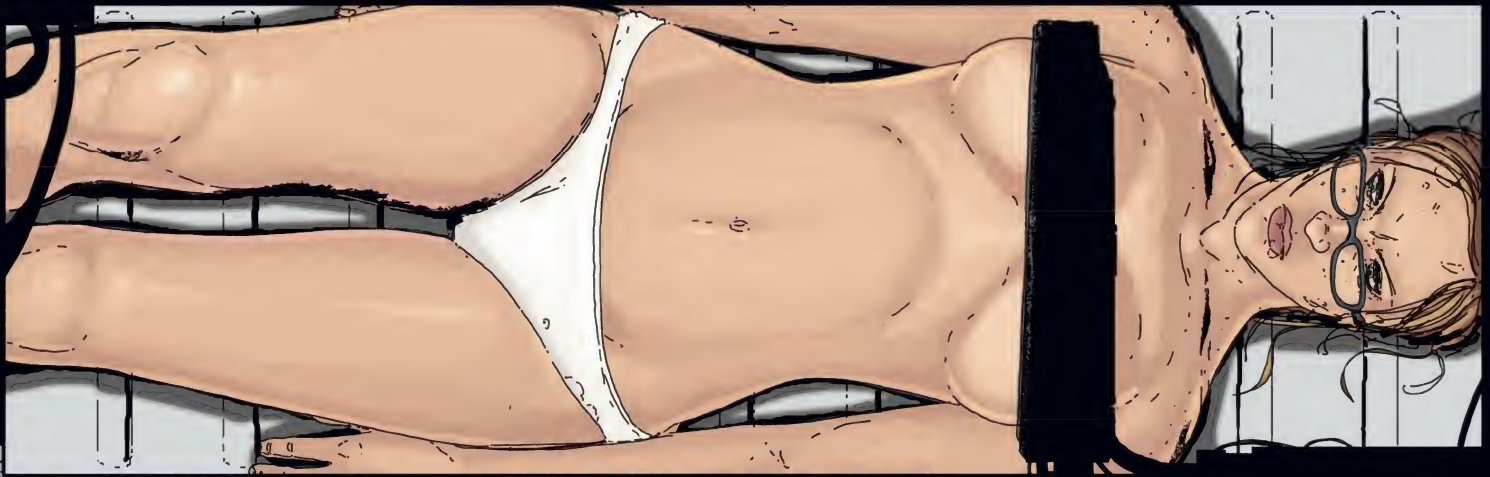
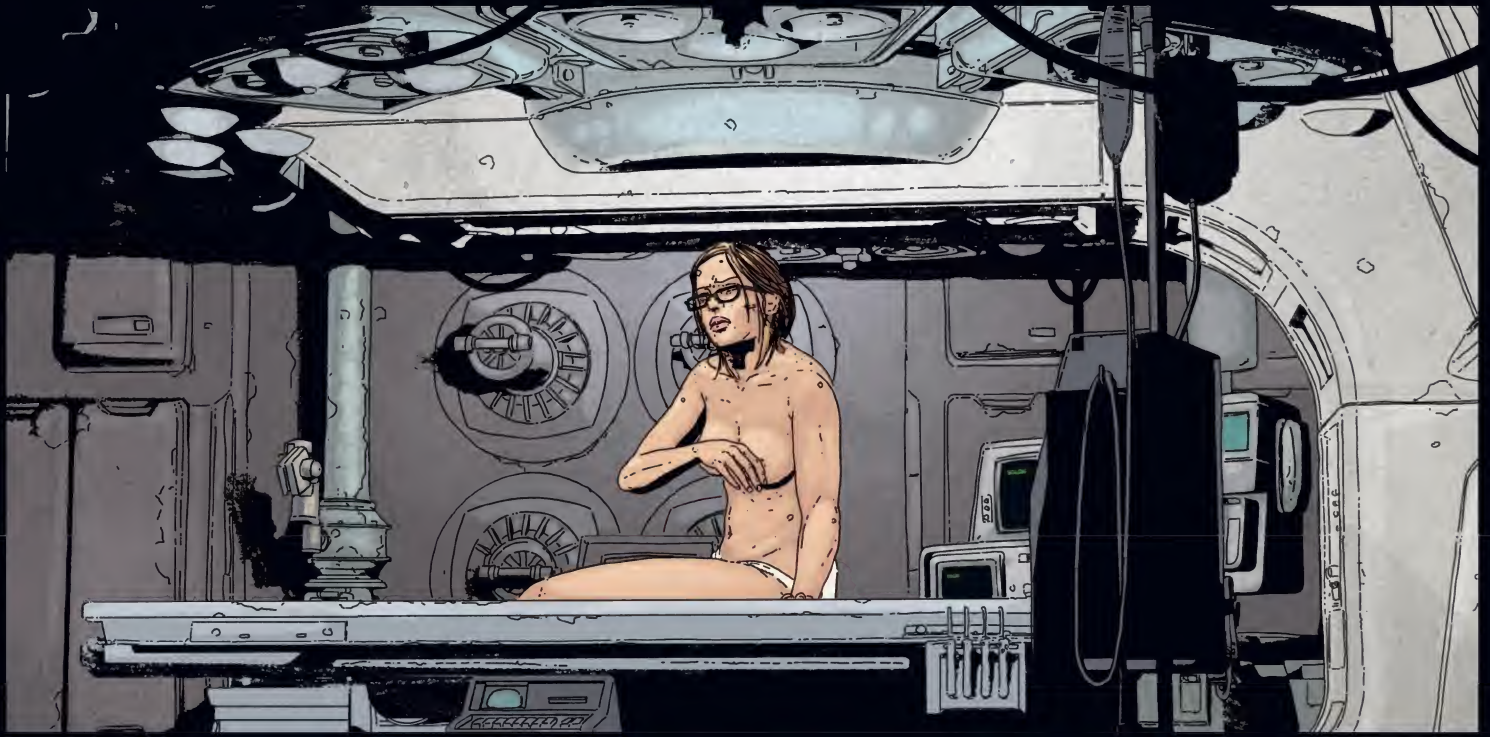
BUT ALL I WANT TO DO IS KEEP RUNNING, KEEP THE MISSION ALIVE, KEEP FIGHTING. BACK ON LUNA, I WAS SO ASHAMED OF MY BRACE. I WOULD AVOID CONVERSATIONS, AVOID EYE CONTACT. I'D SPEND TWENTY HOURS A DAY IN BED.



NOW, I'VE NEVER BEEN SO SURE I'M DOING THE RIGHT THING. NO MATTER WHAT IT DOES TO MY BODY.



BUT WITH THE RIGHT COMPANY, THE BAD'S JUST ABOUT BEARABLE.



TO BE CONTINUED